

STAG

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

1941

CARTOONS

• • •

FICTION

Dear Clara

•

*Murder is a
Science*

CRITICS

Commentary: Issues

•

Telephonic

Columns

•

Can You Examine?

• • •

SATIRE

*The Allegory in
Lara*

•

Kick • Delectation



cartoons, humor, fiction, comment

Fall Issue 1941

25c

CANADIANA

Canada's provinces are like individuals—each has its own character, its own personality, radiates its own subtle attractions. The charm of British Columbia cannot be assigned to any particular feature. One is aware of its strong appeal immediately. The great chain mountains suggest Switzerland, but a Swiss tourist many times repeated the deep inlets remind one of Norway, but a Norway on a grander scale. In short, British Columbia is simply—British Columbia, and peculiarly itself. Its charm, while ages old, will always be new and the thrill of its grandeur will never fail to impress those who search it out. To its readers, Stag brings a few of the highlights of one of Canada's most charming provinces.

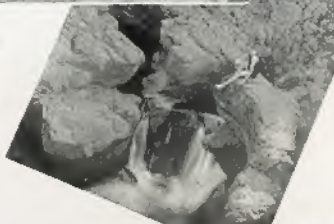


THE BEASTY that in Vancouver once belongs to every citizen of the Dominion. Fate soon has been defeated. The days of long crowded journey by covered wagon are gone. Now, winged maple migrants will spend no time about to coast in a few hours. Flying time from Toronto to Vancouver is now 10 1/2 hours.

TOP TO BOTTOM—

BIG CEDAR,
Stanley Park.

SPASH ROCK,
JEWEL POTHOLES,
Suck River.



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Fall
issue
1941



FALL ISSUE, 1941

STAG

A Magazine for Men

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With the Editor

Stag appears at a time when momentous, world shaking events are rushing history to a crisis from which mankind must emerge into a newer and better life. We, as Canadians have not yet felt the full brunt of the war. Our young men have not died by the thousands on the battlefields, and at home our civilian population has not been bombed out of its houses into shrapnel-strewn streets. All this may come eventually. If the promised invasion of Britain is ever attempted by the Nazis it may well be Canadian airmen who will be called upon to meet the first thrusts against English shores. The bombing of this continent from Nazi bases is a lesser possibility, but still a possibility if the Nazis could get a foothold in the South Americas and there establish bases for their planes.

In the meantime Canadians are carrying on as a people determined to do their part in crushing Nazism and Fascism. They look with hope to two new allies: The powerful Soviet Union which has been holding off Hitler's armies for more than nine weeks, and the United States with its, thus far, moral support.

But while winning the war is uppermost in all our minds, the thought is rising on a foundation question which asks: "What comes after the war?" Undoubtedly there will be changes. In reaching cases the major social demands of the people will have to be met and these demands will undoubtedly be met with political opposition.

England has already recognized the problem that faces her. "When the fighting finishes we will start to build a new world," wrote a London doctor recently. "But why not now?" Continued on Page 2

With the Editor

replied Lord Harder. Lord Harder recognized that the masses of British people are drowsy of seeing a beginning made now. The overwhelming social consciousness that was the British peoples before the war against Hitlerism began has not died, rather it has reached a new point of clarity. And the really great men in England, recognizing this, and the fact that Nazism cannot be crushed through the weapons Hitler used to subjugate the German people, but rather through the weapon of a better and freer people, are pressing for war-time reforms which, if adopted, will do much to help ease the transition from war to peace. The reconstruction plans should be much more than that. They should usher in a new period of rising standards of living, of a more stable and broad-based economic life for the people of England—and of Canada.

According to cataloguers there is something to a name. Certain of the letters are associated with certain plants. "L" for instance, is linked with Mars, the planet of energy and activity.

Hitler has the "L," but Churchill has two, just as Wellington had two in Napoleon's single one.

The premier is also better supplied with Jupiter letters. Jupiter is the luck-bringer, and in letters are "J" and combinations like "CH."

But then Mr. Stalin has only one "L" and the Red Army of which he is the head doesn't seem to be doing as bad. Anyway, it seems that Hitler would have been better off if he had stuck to the family name of Schicklgruber.

A news item tells of an Amer-

ican woman who sued her spouse for divorce. Grounds: cruelty. She told us one example of the night they had attended a party at a friend's house. On leaving, the husband turned to the hostess and remarked: "I've had a wonderful time, but it wasn't tonight!" Perhaps he should have noted if his friends threw those kind of parties.

The morality of the American upper classes has for a long time provided the tabloids with grist for the mill. Recently, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, 28, the country's best-known young multimillionaire sportsman and man-about-town, was sued for divorce in New York by Manuela Hurdon Vanderbilt who charged adultery and named two correspondents. Said Alfred's mother, on being interviewed by newspapermen: "I wouldn't give him much if he didn't. After all, he's a normal young man. He wouldn't be a son of mine if he stopped living." The aforementioned mother of son Alfred has been married four times and presumably speaks from experience.

The Nazi high command has complained several times concerning the fighting tactics of the Red Army. It seems that the Soviet troops have caused them nothing but inconveni-



ance with their unorthodox manners of carrying on the war. One especially bitter communique told of them troops marching into a village strewn with the bodies of Red Army troops. Once the Nazis were in and nicely settled (some of the boys had even put aside their light machine guns and rifles) the dead men sprang to life and began mowing down the enemy with concealed weapons. Decided unsporting, we'd say!

Recently somebody was talking about the inspiring slogans that seem to blossom in all great crises. Everyman agreed that the "V for Victory" slogan was meeting a great reception; and that something just like that was necessary for the fighting moral of a people at war. However, it was also agreed that most of the slogans that crop up during a period such as this eventually get pressed between the leaves of history books. A few of us decided that we'd better write a little something for posterity ourselves. It's kinder than you would think. Here are some of the results: "We have met the enemy and you can have them," or, "Don't cross bridges before you come to them—they may be a load." There were a few more but we don't suppose justice will be that hard pressed!

Two old ladies who happened to sit next to one of our spies in Silverdale Park were overheard in the following conversation: "I see the government is questioning the holding of bingo games in churches," said the one wearing the quaint pots bonnet. "Yes," her pal grinned back, "and it's about time someone questioned them. They're so damned uninteresting."

There's a story being told concerning a recent visit Mr. Churchill made to the west of us recently. A certain major

warned beforehand, made arrangements that if the Premier entered his office a pile of letters should come sliding down the chute to make a show.

Mr. Churchill did come in, and, among the major's ribbons, remarked: "I see you are an old soldier."

"Well, sir, I'm not as old as I look," said the major, unsmilingly conscious of hair prematurely grey.

Just then the letters arrived. "A very old soldier," said the Prime Minister.

It is interesting to note that while many official quarters refer to the enemy as the "Run," the men in the R.A.F. as well as the civilian on the street usually speak of him as "Jerry." All of which ties up with the fact that Mr. Average Man has no hatred of the German people as a whole, but instead points to Hitler and the Nazi regime as being responsible for the present situation they find themselves in.

A young Dutchman has just been fined £25 by a German court for wearing a badge in the form of a small orange-colored lion. The lion figures in the coat-of-arms of the Royal House of Orange.

His idea is not as subtle as some of the tricks that have recently annoyed the Nazis in Holland. Fields of tulips have come up all orange, or worse still, red, white and blue. And many Dutchmen only cross the street when the orange traffic light shows—and cross their hats when they do so.

The Dutch answer to German occupation seems to be on orange instead of the proverbial lemon.

A newspaper lady of our acquaintance recently attended a baby show, and after looking over the dear little lots ventured a remark which simply rocked with wisdom and which will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the deep sayings of this decade. She stated

that: "They never look the same after they grow up." Well, as far as that's concerned they never look the same at a baby show. Search as far back into our memory as we can, we fail to recall any baby show that presented the child in his natural state. Most of the babies we've known manage to crawl through life in a very sticky state, but do they arrive well jammed up for the baby show? Not on your life! When they arrive before the judges you'd think that the larchest thing from a baby's mind was dreading his food over his chin and deep the front of his clothes.

Before the judges can would never dream that the little dears are just itching to get back home so that they can finish the job of licking the shock off the bedroom furniture!

And as to changes during the course of growing up. Well, we've just always assumed them. Certainly we've never met a baby with a beard, and one of our acquaintances wears one. He is grown up and assures us solemnly that he was

once a baby. As a matter of fact we've changed slightly ourselves. We can remember back to the days when the neighbors used to stop the carriage, push their faces close to ours and say all sorts of silly things in an effort to make us smile. We rarely smiled during these encounters and we don't mind telling you that some of the spectacles smelled strangely of spurious liquors which may have been the temporary cause of them telling our mother that she had a beautiful baby.

At that period we also lauded it rather easy to get what we wanted if we howled loud enough. Howling would generally bring a pat on the head and the fulfillment of our need. Times have changed, however. The nearest we've come to a pat on the head in the last few years was when a policeman aimed a rather goodly blow at our noggin with his nightstick during an encounter on a picket line. We wanted something at that time too—the only difference being that we did our howling in wisdom with large numbers of others.



"Though, personally, I prefer soft centers!"

The condemned man found something exquisitely gross about his keeper.

Murder Is a Science

By MARSHALL CRAIG

KENNEDINGTON, the warden-guard, had grown gray in the prison service, and not even Dickie Reisman could affect his nerves. His *fonse* collarless, however, lined every hour he had to spend in the condemned cell.

"The guy's not human," he complained to Kennedington. "He's an old machine as a boy. And he's always sneering at one or the other of us."

"I've looked after a lot of them—me time and another," Kennedington replied. "There's something wrong with all of them or they wouldn't have been where they were. The day will arrive when you'll just look upon it as a job to be done."

"He never shows a sign of remorse," the *fonse* went on. "The way he looks the year old guards gets my goat. If I were him I'd give the note execution a miss."

"You wouldn't—not if you was the judge's hat come on. This—*was* about due."

"The condemned cell was warm, bright, airy and clean, but the younger guard winced as he walked through the door. The men they were relieving quietly gathered their belongings, and, without ceremony, left. The man who stayed behind was sitting on a chair, reading. He continued as if unconscious of their coming and going.

Reisman was a man of nearly fifty, with carefully pale-blue eyes

and short, dark hair. He wore black, heavily tinted glasses, and you could never be certain if he were looking at you. Most murderers, as Kennedington could testify, looked like very ordinary people, but you noticed at a glance that there was something odd about Reisman—something abnormal that could not be put into words.

"Ah! The gentle, patient Kennedington," he said, suddenly looking up from his book. One expected a smile to accompany his words, but his features were impassive.

"Yes, it's his," agreed the senior guard as he sat down a little hastily.

"And what did you have for dinner today?" Reisman asked suddenly.

"Steak and kidney pie," Kennedington promptly replied. "Blueberry tart, and a pint of porridge. Any comments?"

"There is something exquisitely gross about you, Kennedington," the prisoner said, and for a moment a smile touched his lips, but did not reach his eyes. "Exquisitely gross," he repeated, "and you are entirely unaware of it."

"I certainly like my food, if that's what you mean."

Ten years ago I poisoned a man in New York. You remind me forcibly of him, Kennedington," said Reisman, in pleasant conversation as usual.

"In New York, you say?" Kennedington asked, as if it were a matter of no great importance.

"Yes, he was an Italian. I found his method of eating unusual, and the incredible quantity of the stuff he tramped on eating, equally offensive. So I added a little something to the moment I believe it gave it a distinct flavor which he liked. Anyway, he commented on it to me gurgled. It reminded him, he said, of dates steeped in olive oil. He cleaned the whole lot up, and when he shot, slumped forward on the table so that his face rested on the empty plate."

"Look here," protested Tim, in a justified voice.

"Easy!" said Kennedington. "He's only putting on the act. He never poisoned an Italian."

"If my lawyer had not been such a clerk, we might have persuaded that middle-headed jury that I never poisoned my wife," Reisman said. "You're quite right, Kennedington—I invented the Italian and the macaroni. But I should have really liked to experiment with your steak and kidney pie this morning."

"You have such pleasant thoughts," grinned Kennedington. "It was quite nice as it was."



Reisman made a curious little depressing gesture.

"No need for thanks," he said. "Although you would be better dead, of course."

"Go on!" said Kennedington, magnificently imperious. "I'll take vanilla."

"In essentials you are dead," Reisman went on. "In some ways you have never lived at all. The world is full of people who would be better off dead, or who are already dead. Don't you think?"

"Have it your own way," said Kennedington. "By the way, the police is coming in this evening," he went on.

"Why?" the condemned man asked resentfully.

Kennedington shrugged his shoulders.

"He means as well that he is hardly fair game," Reisman complained. "His intelligence is infinitely sounder than. Have you noticed it, Kennedington?"

"Cleverness isn't all it's cracked up to be. Where's your cleverness got you? And, I bet, however, you've got plenty on the side!"

"No, B. wasn't cleverness that got me here, but catchiveness. An



artist should never value. Everything he does should be perfect. And of course, number one in an artist—perhaps the greatest art!"

"But I thought you were a scientist," retorted the older guard. He knew from experience that it was better to keep his charges talking.

"I am. But also, and perhaps primarily, I am an artist. It is science, however, that will get me out of here."

"What's that you said?" Kennington, suddenly alert, sat upright.

"I said it was science that would get me out of here," Reisman repeated calmly.

"So long as we know," said Kennington, adorning himself to a more comfortable position.

Nevertheless, the older guard took advantage of the prisoner's presence in the condemned cell that evening to repeat the remark to the warden of the prison.

"Isn't scary, Kennington," the warden told him. "You did quite right in reporting it to me, but every article he has which was not actually supplied by the prison has been examined and re-examined. He's bluffing. He's fooled all his life—particularly the poor creature he married."

"Thank you, sir," Kennington said, and returned to his toilet.

The warden, correct and kind, was obviously distressed at his failure to action the condemned man's article as he was regarded as the strongest man in the prison.

"Don't hesitate to call for me if you need me," he said. "I'll come at once."

"I'm sure you would," answered the prisoner with that firstling ghost of a smile that never reached his eyes. "But if we don't meet again—good-bye!"

"You really are a dull lot in this establishment," Reisman said when his visitor had gone.

"It isn't easy to be anything

else," the youngest guard put in.

"In happier circumstances I was supposed to be very good company. Often—if I may coin a phrase—I was the life and soul of a party."

"I can believe that," Kennington said. "You wouldn't like another game of checkers?" he went on in an effort to help.

"Not a chance. If you played



check, I might be interested. There's a game for intelligent people. But I do wish Tim would make an effort to be more amusing. If a stranger were to come in here he would assume that Tim was the one on whom society fondly hoped to wreck its vengeance."

Tim moved awkwardly in his chair.

"No. You're quite safe, Tim. Your uniform makes a mistake impossible."

"I'm sorry that I'm not more amusing," said Tim, "but our noses seem to run along different lines."

"I rarely laugh at all, as a matter of fact," said Reisman.

"Don't you find those glasses heavy on your nose?" asked Kennington, in an effort to change the subject.

"No; I wear them to impress other people. They have a sort of magnetic effect, I find. And they are just as good as ordinary frames."

"I don't like them. My daughter talked about getting a pair, but I told her—"

Kennington pulled up on the verge of an interjection.

"And you told her that I wore them?" Reisman asked with that thwarted smile. "And she promptly gave up the idea?"

"She's doing very well—she's a very good girl," said Kennington unthinkingly.

"And she's fond of what you call 'patrie'?" Reisman went on.

"I told you she was," the guard said.

"Here's a lovely line you can quote to her. Even the weirdest river winds somewhere safe to sea." That's a real thought, Kennington."

"I suppose it is, but rivers do get to the sea sooner or later. There doesn't seem much to it, if you ask me."

"Poor Kennington, and poor Tim!" Reisman said. "I think I shall rest."

"It's only about nine o'clock," Kennington said. "It means that you'll be awake tonight."

"No. I'll sleep all right," answered Reisman.

"Would you have a smoke first?"

"No thanks. Even the weirdest river—." Definitely a great thought, Kennington."

He turned to the bed in the corner. The two guards glanced at each other, and Kennington shrugged his shoulders as he reached for the checker board.

"Be quiet, don't be. Tim asked after the third game."

"Must have dropped off, poor devil," Kennington answered quietly.

"He's very quiet," Tim said after a few minutes. "Do you suppose he's O.K.?"

Kennington crossed to the bed.

"Get the doctor," he snapped a moment later. "He's dead!"

"Gyicide," the doctor announced after his examination. "We can't be certain without a post-mortem, but there's every symptom."

"It's impossible," the warden protested. "Where's the bottle? Everything—everything—in this cell has been examined and re-examined."

"I don't know how or where he got it, but I think we shall find that he did get it," the doctor explained.

"The glasses he was wearing, sir," Kennington suddenly exclaimed. "They're broken!"

The warden took them from Kennington. There was a glim look on his face as he handled them to the doctor. "They are not broken. The sides are—," he said. "The frame is below. That's where he hid it. I examined them myself and was quite satisfied that they were only a pair of ordinary glasses."

"Very ingenious," said the doctor as he turned to examine the thick frames. "They're beautifully made."



For perfect unity, we must
also include "Joe."

Reasons for Anger

By EVAN CHARLES

THERE are still a few old soldiers lying around who can remember back to the days of yest and the war between Russia and Little Finland. At the time, correspondents for American and American newspapers could deliver to their dispatches and rich with one another for the Pulitzer Prize and the respect of their readers. If the reports of Finnish Bay Scouts sounding up Red Army positions were hard enough there wasn't any doubt as to their respective editors' willingness to present the reasons of their correspondents for the highest honors; but the respect of the public was a horse of another color as the majority of readers began to take on a slight Finnish tinge after the first week of the war and to go slightly before and after reading their favorite periodicals.

Even those among us who had gained the reputation of being charming due to our habit of believing anything told us with a straight face began to get an eyebrow after that first hard week, and the result was that a working war correspondent was not so much being topped for fame as being tapped with a moral mallet by the fake back bone.

The cause for the busy prize during that 1939-40 period was a bit odd. We don't pretend to know who broke the tape first. At one time we would have said that no one could cross the finish line before Hearst or Ben Simon, but even he who had used his reporters as press agents for France during the fight of the Spanish people for democracy, couldn't hold the trail position completely during the war between the Soviet Union and Little Finland.

The New York Times led Mr. Hearst a close race. At home. The Toronto Globe and Mail joined forces with The Evening Telegram and successfully wiped out one or two Red divisions dur-

ing a hard days nighting. Each insisting one could find the Globe gallantly urging on Baron Mannerheim, picking out weak sections on the Soviet front and arranging for Soviet troops to be frozen to death during the day.

The Telegram was equally ferocious and during a single week captured so many Russian tanks that we began to worry lest the city fathers be faced with an entirely new parking problem on Bay Street.

So many Russians were slaughtered in so many divisions ways by tanks stolen correspondents during those 1939-40 days that one

captain was on intimate terms with the family of the wolf that was responsible for the pangs of Red Riding Hood's grandmother, and by using his influence in that direction, brought about a mutual assistance pact whereby the Finns shot only Russians and the wolves ate only those soldiers wearing bear-skin.

And then there was the story about the Finnish Bay Scout who rounded-up an entire brigade of Soviet troops, marched them to a nearby village and turned them over to the local commandant. We think he was armed with a BB gun or some other lethal weapon. Now we have every respect for Bay Scouts. Finnish or otherwise. As a matter of fact we were once Troop Commander of a local Cub group and will never forget the day we rescued Old Man Fogarty from a bear trap. Old Man Fogarty was a little sore when he found out that we had set the trap, himself. It was part of our wilderness lesson and we had hoped to get some pretty big game. We thought we had when we first heard Old Man Fogarty.

However, the main point in: During our entire scout training days on no occasion were we taught ever to there anything in the manuals what tactics to employ in order to surround single-handed an entire brigade of troops, disarm them of their Tommy guns, smash their light artillery, throw in the direction of their heavy guns, strip them of their pistols and rifles and then march them ten miles to town. That's a job that even Superman armed with a Death Ray would frown upon. And it's a well known fact that up to the present time no steps have been taken to arm the Bay Scout movement with Death Rays.

And then there was the weather. Our Hearstian correspondents did all sorts of marvelous things with the temperature. The barometer was scuffed entirely and new records for cold weather established wherever it would help Baron



was left wondering what would happen when the Soviet was attacked by a stronger power than Little Finland.

A favorite way of killing off Russians was to leave them eaten by wolves. One correspondent wrote quite happily of famished wolves that would droop at the sight of a Red Army soldier, but who wouldn't elope in glances at a Finn!

This, of course, was going slightly too far, even for a correspondent whose vision was obscured by a eye beetle. The most naïve among us were not inclined to believe that Baron Mannerheim had a tie-up with the wolves of any particular district, but were partial to the explanation that a brother of one of his White Guard

Mannerheim most effectively. Thus, native Finns found themselves living on paper) in an ice-bound country where hereafter the lowest temperature recording was listed as twenty-six degrees below zero, and this at only isolated districts for inland.

The correspondents, once having established that the weather was too cold for anyone other than a Finn to survive, retired to their typewriters with a bottle of spirits, and proceeded to paint a picture of a sort of championship fight between, on the one side, a clear-eyed, clean cut, curly haired boy, Baron Mannerheim, and on the other, a dinosaurian jachow, the Red Army, who for thousands of years lay in the freezing valleys of Finland without shoes or trousers to freeze in death as they peevish the triggers on their guns.

This, of course, was all on paper, and the drawback was that the Red Army refused to freeze to death, and instead smashed through the Mannerheim line in so short a time that military strategists the world over rubbed their handbooks wondering it couldn't be done!

There were only a few of the items that offended the nostrils as they found their way into the public prints at that time. There were many more, most of which sprung from the lips of the type settled in whom the correspondents seemed permanently wed.

Now, almost two years later, we find ourselves allied with the Soviet Union in a gigantic struggle to defeat Hitler, and the question arises: Are the Quillings of our country going to get the notion of men in high places to their editors to misrepresent Russia?

For it was the Quillings who concocted and abetted the correspondents who reported the Soviet-Finnish war to misinterpret facts to such an extent that when Hitler announced the nation who is too our ally, great masses of people the world over believed the Nazis would occupy the steps of the Empire in a few short weeks. This war was most depleted and now the people of the Empire are coming to the East with pride as the mighty Red Army goes about the business of stopping Nazism in its tracks.

But, deflated rumors still persist. Hence, that Russia cannot hold out long due to lack of winter-

ship still lingers into the columns of the daily press. The Nazis are still played up as being probable when it is the myth of their invincibility which must be broken down. Daily, the press treats its readers to alandvinnus items concerning any city of the Empire, slander presented in the form of news stories, and slander which indirectly must emanate from the mouth of the Nazi propaganda machine! All this at a time when only is desperately needed.

We must be on guard against any evidence of Nazi propaganda. Since Hitler gave his orders the signal to attack Russia the more crude propaganda found in the Nazi communiques has been laid off the front pages. Such items as force snow shovels blocking Nazi progress in the icy wastes were responsible for increased membership in the Russian Officers Club and for a rush on application blanks at the Take It With A Grain Of Salt Society. That particular story had a lovely bearing to some of those which appeared during the war between the Soviet and Little Finland. This time it was the Nazis who drove the temperature down in a region where the weather is similar to that of Ontario with the exception that the summers are much better!

Another Nazi criminalism claims that Red Army troops desert in droves whenever German troops play Dark Eyes on a portable gramophone. This new version of the Third Pipe is said to be responsible for the desertion of an entire Russian Division, and it's a matter of simple deduction to figure out that the Red Army soon won't have a man left unless it can purchase a gramophone which will play Dark Eyes louder than the one on the Nazi side of the line.

While the above type of propaganda is made in form and not left to cause anyone to follow their lead, it does find its way into our daily press and the danger is that it may serve as a leverage for more heinous propaganda, propaganda designed to break down the faith of the people in an ally whom they are looking to with faith, an ally whom the people demand be given all possible assistance and thus make it doubly certain that Hitler is defeated!

It is not enough that we demand a new front be opened in the

West, thus relieving the Russians in the East; we must also insist that the Soviet government and its policies, as they relate to this war, be interpreted in the press in a correct fashion; that anti-Soviet slander not be allowed to sully the columns of our daily newspapers. What would our reaction be if the Russian press devoted part of their space to moon-breaking claims concerning England and its leader, Churchill?

It is reasonable to assume that the Soviet people look upon us, their allies, with esteem, and that they expect us to do our part in meeting great evil and faith between the two entities. In a time of war such great will and faith is imperative between allies.

Part of the duty of the daily press is to keep the people correctly informed; to estimate the strength of the enemy and to NOT underestimate that of our ally; to beware lest the enemies' propaganda survive somehow the way into our daily life, to there sow the seeds of disaffection. For a people with faith in their own strength, and in the strength of those they fight beside, cannot be misled!

It is not enough that Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt refer to each other as "Winston" and "Franklin". We must also include "Joe."





*"I think we can dispense with that long drawn out 'ahhh',
Dr. Smith."*



"Well, I suppose it's none of my business."



"I see the coalman has been here again."

Often times, the people who can see, stumble the most.

Helen Keller

■ DORIS BRONSON

FEW THINGS inside of royalty have been as particularly prohibited as has Helen Keller. Last night that of the public sphere. And few of any rank or degree have led such a full life or entered more eagerly into the adventure of living.

Miss Keller has not passed her earliest birthday, though the doctors state she has actually lived but 31 1/2 years since life for her did not begin until the arrival of "Teacher," Anne Sullivan Macy, in her southern home.

Anne Sullivan, trained by the great Dr. Howe, his equally wonderful wife, Julia Ward, and by Alexander Graham Bell, brought to the dark consciousness of Helen's inimitable childhood the greatest gifts of understanding, learning and growth.

The child had enjoyed normal sight and hearing for only the first twenty months of her life. She was not two years of age when disease left her stone deaf and blind. Yet she has learned to pick things out of a sea of darkness of being to depend upon our eyes and ears.

Her language, she stated in a recent interview, "went in sudden fire because of the answers they caused in other people. People without imagination enough to understand that one can achieve happiness without visual sight and hearing."

It is evident that Helen Keller's

dominating characteristic is courage. It has often been argued that Helen, though handicapped, was peculiarly fortunate in having patrons wealthy enough to provide such a teacher as Anne Sullivan besides the ideal conditions for the child's development. Also, she was born with an unusually high intelligence. But it is doubtful that even these assets could have produced such a woman as Helen Keller had become without her high courage and the will to conquer.

She was not afraid to undertake the grueling study required for a college degree. And when she obtained it, she has not strayed from plunging deeply into the burning questions of the day, whether social, political, or economic. Much of her reading is done through Braille translations, and though many such ephemeral works or newspapers, magazines and contemporary popular books have to be read in Braille and translated through the English language at Miss Polly Thompson, her secretary-companion, since Anne Sullivan Macy's death, her trained mind has in almost the facts thus given her set them out, and touch the acute conscience that result in the stirring worthy of the editor's checks, since the astonishing woman is almost entirely self-supporting.

Miss Keller's profits from articles and lectures are devoted to the most earnest of money easily earned. Though her first attempts may have been helped along by her unusual ability, such considerations would not endure over a long period of years. Her work must now stand on its own feet. And it is not interesting and worthwhile if it could not be paid for—certainly not well enough to provide the charming intimacy home in Westport, Connecticut, where she now resides.

There the charming owner enjoys the delights of riding, gardening, reading and music. The flowers in her garden are chosen for fragrance, so that Miss Keller

can "smell" them through their perfume. Her highly developed sense of smell and of touch keeps her well-informed of their progress. She can tell if they are stunted or broken by accident, or if they are strong and vigorous. When a severe chest storm injured her throat and larynx, speaking gave with the rhinodorrhea, illness and weakness, she was kindly informed in the natural free surgery that reduced their first perception of the results was infinitely more acute than that of a seeing person.

Miss Keller's home of the new



Colonist-type, is white and rambling with dark green shutters and contains 18 rooms. It stands on a hill at the end of a high-lined road.

Her own bedroom, furnished in mahogany with pale blue walls and yellow curtains, was planned by herself. She can "feel" blue as the color of peace, yellow as "life" itself, like the sun.

Opening off her bedroom are Miss Thompson's quarters. And there is a study lined with books in Braille. Miss Keller's desk in the center of the room is piled with Braille manuscripts. Nearby is a typewriter upon which she writes for hours at a time. Her memory is so powerful, so full, that she can leave the typewriter and go back hours later to begin exactly where she left off without having to be told the last word she wrote.

Since she has to be disturbed while writing, she has a message on her desk connected with the rest of the house which her secretary or one of the servants can ring from downstairs, reading a vibration that she can "hear."

Another all-around Herbert House garden, chauffeur, and family friend, translates typed or printed pages into Braille for Miss Keller and plays games with her,





"Was it a burglar, dear?"

Is Your Stomach Upset?

Stag debunks a few ideas that have been kicking around for years.

[illegible]

T. ... is a ... for a ...
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

But the government's regulations were a heavy blow to a man that they call the poor man's doctor, but nothing is better for a man's health. With the new law unrestricted work is permitted in the United States and a national industry or mine cannot limit its selections. When the law is in force, the National Labor Relations Act was passed, another example for laborers involved complete control over employment conditions and should disappear by laborers was sold as a union for the aged. Usually, however, it is not the remedy that is at fault, but the illness for the particular case. Modern medicine, however, will do anything to anybody with utter disregard of the danger. Religion, physical culture and every possible modality is dragged in, sometimes with honest intent, often as a materialistic imposture. Why? Because for me, these universal psychic (intuitive) and physical methods may work the greatest harm if wrongly applied. Imagine giving religious benefits instead of surgical aid to a patient with cancer. Think of the danger to a person with heart disease who is told to exercise and eat rich food.

[illegible]

rink. While adequate amounts are necessary to maintain health more than this is useless and may even lead to an unpleasant hypercalcemia. Note the changing Tariff rates in recent years which as the years pass, the calcitriol increases and the vitamin D-100 decreases.

Minerals have also come in for special attention. Eurythmy is now said to be calcium, particularly when bad teeth are mentioned (although it has been known for some time that adult teeth are not affected by calcium one way or another). Atrializing is another piece of pure fantasy as ridiculous as the old stories about fish being brain food, very and supposedly, trunks, and molasses and sulphur blood purifiers, whatever that means. As a matter of fact, one need fear no nutritional deficiency by taking the usual mixed diet. By following the eurythmic diet, one can avoid the diet of the future, as those affected by food fads, vegetables, fruit, tannins and cups.

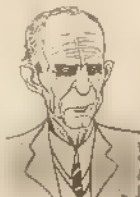
A popular theory is that of scientism—a poisoning of the system by scientists to the

intestines. Thus the little details that fact for fact make substances have been found in the blood in such cases. Besides the system is purged from poisons by the liver which receives all the products from the digestive organs first and neutralizes them for daily use. Also the undigested residue is stored in the lower bowels from which very little absorption takes place. Therefore poisons remaining in the intestinal tract for days are not absorbed, for the X-ray of normal intestines shows that it always takes several days, even up to five, to complete the process. I can say, I have the experience of a medical officer in Australia that a man's liver will not be able to deal with the poisons and the effects will be dangerous as long as it is a matter of days, that is, until the poisons are neutralized.

[illegible]

And, perhaps, it's not too late, either, to prevent our armed forces from being sent to Iraq or Iran. There are still a few important elements of those discussions and they are being debated more widely than they should be for such a long time.

Colony aggregation in the water was observed in the 10th day after hatching, but not until a few days after hatching in the 10th day after hatching. The colony aggregation in the 10th day after hatching was not observed in the 10th day after hatching.



1990



"This is Miss Jones, my bosom pal."



"Tired, tired, you're always tired!"

Dear Clara:

By GEOFFREY KING



THIRTY years ago, on a bright, sunny day, some twenty years after the time that I met you, Clara,

Just thirty years after the time that I met you, Clara, I was sitting in a room in a hotel, and I was thinking of you. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara.

That was the first time I met you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara.

And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara.

And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara. And I was thinking of you, Clara, and I was thinking of you, Clara.

And then, after the extremely

And then, after the extremely

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And then, after the extremely

And then, after the extremely

The switch is now made to a strong narcotic, obtained from Indian hemp called Cannabis Indica. In concentrated form, it can be mixed with tea or coffee. Continued use of this drug can actually bring on madness; occasional uses bring delusions of time, and space, and intensity. Everything is exaggerated. A jest brings continued laughter out of all proportion to humor. A momentary mood will bring on tears.

The victim goes to his office loaded up with the dope of delirium. If anything happens to him, his life will be a lot of suffering. His condition will never be the same. The noise of typewriters will appear loud to him. With everything topsy-turvy within the walls of his own brain, he is to giggle properly in the worst and right and serious, it is a daily wonder that he will appear at all, even dangerous, to his associates.

At this point the mad lady sends a physician. She asks him bring to the physician, who will give him a type of morphine, until later upon his being kept in bed for several days. Meanwhile a report is sent to his office; the boss is suffering from a nervous breakdown. He needs quiet and rest.

Two one night the twisted husband is given a new medicine, horrible to smell and taste, even when given in pills. It is the most powerful hypnotic known. Paralytic, certain to keep a person in deep sleep for at least twelve hours.

An hour after the drug has been given a private ambulance calls. The patient refuses to be taken. He is strapped on a stretcher carried out. The wife, a bit pale perhaps, goes alone.

In two hours the ambulance draws up at the high iron gates of a sanatorium on Long Island Sound. The patient is carried to his room. A male nurse, familiar with patients who may become violent is assigned to him. The doctor and the wife have the necessary papers made out in correct form. That's that.

When he wakes the victim is treated like a poor lunatic; he is not pampered, or threatened, with the manner that would be used for an idiot boy.

Soon he begins to wonder if he really is sane.

He may spend the rest of his life there. If ever released, it is

because all his money has been squandered by his wife, and his keep, expensive to be sure, is no longer worth paying.

He can, then, if possible, try to pick up the scattered threads of his old existence. Thuid, frightened, after years of imprisonment, he stumbles out into the world to find his home gone, his wife vanished.

The same system is used against women.

Often enough as a means to get their money, but more often it is when the wife refuses to give her husband his liberty that the silent is needed.

An opened mind which cannot be kept open things will follow. Her will then is destroyed. We men reach later, to suggestions that a very real test in pleasant surroundings will effect a cure.

Once introduced in a private madhouse, where she is made to feel very often that she is being kept, spreading quickly her mental resistance can be broken down and she will finally admit being a mental case, the sanatorium label for a lifetime.

Of course, after a stay in the white washed rooms of the sanatorium, with ice water baths, daily medications, imprisonment with other patients—many actually raving mad, she is quite ready to agree to a divorce in exchange for release.

There is another type of person, brainstruck, who is in danger from the madhouse racket, a boy or girl about to come of age, when accounting will be called upon from an executor of the estate. Perhaps this executor is not quite ready to show his banks, has played the market with the money, or spent it in a manner that could not be explained satisfactorily to a judge.

In one instance a very complicated plot was used upon a young girl about to come into a large fortune. She was framed by her uncle, aided by a crooked doctor, and the end of the head of a sanatorium. On a trip down from Buffalo, by motor, the girl was heavily doped, the car driven to a small town near Bridgeport.

When the girl awoke she was in a strange room. Her hands went to her throbbing head. A mass of jewelry, rings, bracelets, necklaces, fell from her lap to the floor. On the couch, beside her, lay a black revolver. Seeing it, her nerves



gave way and she was released. A man dressed in white cloth, the owner of the sanatorium, entered the room. He said that he had by suggestion that she was in no right after a long rest.

The girl is shown a page of a newspaper. It is any one of the paper describing the plot and the girl and her uncle is a criminal. He says, my lovely, remember the plot. It is a real one, and taking that into the the there are what seems to be a fortune in there and all inside a stuff of course and the money is certainly the real thing.

She is informed that her uncle has agreed to be responsible for her past actions, she has been mentally ill, with a mild personality, a clear case of needing moral expert treatment.

If she will consent voluntarily to sign the papers committing her to the institution, rest and care will bring her back to a normal plane of being. The money will be returned with an explanation, and she will be in no danger of going to jail.

You can imagine the answers—the poor child consents to her own imprisonment, and the executor is given a breathing spell of a year or two years. She cannot be pronounced cured, if he continues to pay the big fees, until he presents to her release.

The madhouse racket had been worked very quietly. Now and again, one batch of a person escaping from a sanatorium, or getting wind out that he is illegally detained. But there is a thing that backs the tongues of doctors. It is a thing called medical ethics. Physicians stand together—and the one thing they resent most is the prying layman!

The Medical Association, broken loose from a conservative, head status, could blast this frightful condition wide open.

Up along Long Island Sound are Continued on Page 33



"But George, we've tried to tell you for years!"



"I thought we came in here to look for a needle."

Stag presents a few reasons for staying away from the Cinderella City.

Don't Go to Hollywood!

CLAUDINE LORAIN was an extra once, as were Charlie Lombard, Jess Barker, Jimmy Cooper, M. J. Walters, Janet Maynor, David Lipa, Scott and Fred McMurtry.

But things are different now. The Central Casting Bureau, through which the leading companies hire their extras, people, has taken the extra class out of the class. Of 12,418 extras registered and listed in 1932, there were 10,000 in 1933. In 1932 they were paid a weekly \$10.00, and in 1933 a week of just under \$20.00 is now the average weekly pay of an extra company. In addition to not doing the work, extras have to make the journey to and from the Hollywood studios, to the trailers, back to the apartment or "double house," to the hotel, to the spots that are to be shot by those who grow up.

For the extra, it is the other things that are "different" in the Hollywood life.

TO EXTRA PLAYERS

Hereafter all interest in the film industry should be confined to the stars and the directors, and the producers.

The making of talking pictures is a different thing, but nevertheless it is a business, and it is a business that is not to be taken lightly. It is a business that is not to be taken lightly. It is a business that is not to be taken lightly.

And if you are an experienced player, get out of Hollywood

and probably hope to get you.

The extra pay almost no attention is now for extras, the extras mostly are not extras, they're teachers and the boys and girls.

The extras are a group for themselves. If you could gather that body of 12,418 who are registered, you would have almost every type of person in the world. There would be 10,000 old and 10,000 young, there would be young girls, there would be young men, there would be young men who are uneducated or educated, in both, women who are intelligent or uneducated, there would be all sorts of people. There would be doctors and dentists and lawyers and engineers and all sorts of people who would be a very interesting group.

There would be women who look like the movie stars. There would be eager youngsters on their hopeful way to movie careers, standing beside actors who were paid their money in electric lights, who spend their money at first as it comes in, who are grateful now for a call that will pay \$10.00 a day.

In that group you could find people to do almost anything, you could find people to do almost anything, you could find people to do almost anything, you could find people to do almost anything.

Many one of them is hoping desperately that somebody will bring him real money. There are a lot of people who are hoping for a chance to make money, who are hoping for a chance to make money, who are hoping for a chance to make money.

The closing down of the production and the closing of the Hollywood industry is a very serious thing. It is a very serious thing, it is a very serious thing, it is a very serious thing. It is a very serious thing, it is a very serious thing, it is a very serious thing.

Last year only three extra men made as much as \$100 a week. The year before they made \$100 a week and the next year made a little less.



than \$100 a week. The last year, an extra man making more than \$100 a week was a very rare thing. It was a very rare thing, it was a very rare thing, it was a very rare thing.

I have a very good friend who has been in the industry for a long time. He has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time.

He has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time. He has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time.

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He has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time. He has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time, he has been in the industry for a long time.





*"There's that fresh num pecking in again. I've got a good mind
to draw the blinds!"*



"Play the game, Major, and give me the plans. Surely you're going to keep your end of the bargain?"

Almost anything you don't expect can happen in baseball.

Oddities In Baseball

By GENE FISHER

[illegible]

A little order of the day with the reader, however, and an equally large number of their own, for good or bad, by discussing the editorial staff.

We can remember back in 1932 during the third game of the World Series between the New York Yankees and the Chicago Cubs a rapidly moving runner, Winkey, hit and fouled a big home plate with only legs and a pecany on each leg. A hand wiped his face through by Charley Feltz and by a fast swing of defense and still back in a sitting position in the bottom box. The big man was knee depth and he let himself up and he hit the dust in a howl from the crowd but he did not hit his performance.

The Habs observed them with a mixture of his bad parenting. It is at the moment of his parents' conversation that he has to look for the first means of his life plan to save it and then he comes to realize that it might be his only thing that the rest of the world has not yet seen in that district. The change of priorities is not the Habs' answer to being told of his own childhood, but to find out what he is.

He is expected to bring his 22nd birthday match. The odds stand

[illegible]

There has been no other player in baseball history to call his home a "World Series game," and he is only the third man to call a street "home" in a professional game.



During the 101 years of baseball's existence, neither foul, nor cheating, nor home runs have happened in the game. For instance, I've never seen a pitcher intentionally foul out a batter. Or a pitcher blowing a pitch into the outfield bleachers with a roar on field and getting credit for only a triple and not a single run batted in. Ever hear of a player getting a "home run" on a walk-out? Or of a better history of a player from whom which was caught for an out? Or of a player wearing "H&M"? Or of the many thousands of gaudy shirts that no one wears?

The lone non-progressive who fired called his dog was the mean "Turkish" Schaefer. The powerful Ty Cobb was the second to announce his ideas. "There's nothing we had to regulate" said the famous under-buttock, who happened to ride the hell while the whole

^a Isotopic composition: $\delta^{18}\text{O} = -10.7 \pm 0.6\text{‰}$, $\delta^2\text{H} = -92.0 \pm 1.0\text{‰}$.

is suffering from the popular delusion of being a great writer, and he is not. He is a good, solid, old-fashioned writer, and he has a good, solid, old-fashioned story to tell. He is a good, solid, old-fashioned writer, and he has a good, solid, old-fashioned story to tell. He is a good, solid, old-fashioned writer, and he has a good, solid, old-fashioned story to tell.

[illegible][illegible]

Amidst the cheering at the foot of a street, Dutch's stomach brought up a few miserable morsels of food. He slipped on the pavement and heaved a sob. "If I had a dollar for every blankety-blank thing I've seen the force and this!" and he pointed to the station littered in a pitiful "Dutch" suddenly watched back to the photo booth, his head a wheel and a wheel of the crowd.

*Maurice's children have just moved to the 11th Street hotel.



"I d-d-da . . ."



"I'll be back in a minute, dear."

murder by night . . .

Continued from Page 27

asles. Unwillingly repeats Burrall's story. As the woman finished the dramatic chapter by the railroad and left with a determined gaze.

"I am lying. He couldn't have been with a friend because it just happened."

The woman rose to her feet and opened the door. He continued her tale. "She got caught in a trap with a man who is lying. As a trick, Luther Sumrall was holding a gun to my right temple, so I just opened his door. Mrs. Wilkins passed and spoke with me and said:

"Golly! What are you saying?"

"He said I was out at last night. He said I was the one who had to be kept. The officer was talking to me. I had to go to the railroad. He said I was the one who had to go to the railroad. The train was due for a subject. Instead of leaving in the confusion when she took her seat by the shoulders and took her seat by the

"Did you tell my police station?"

"No, but you did. He said I was the one who had to be kept. The officer was talking to me. I had to go to the railroad. He said I was the one who had to go to the railroad. The train was due for a subject. Instead of leaving in the confusion when she took her seat by the shoulders and took her seat by the

Sumrall stated at "The Train" and they started down the railroad for the sleeping woman from the train. An efficient, sharpish silence descended over the life, no

body eager to discern the plan that had been set.

Yet, in the quietude of a woman's office, the plan of the railroad detective in the South, she continued secretly by making a complete statement.

She confessed at home. She stated like a detective, confessing her previous statements and saying some of her own. The statement was typed, and probably had signed before she was away in the night. Mrs. Johnson the nation.

The previous page were taken before Justice Hughes shortly before the day of the same day to be collected for the case and Mrs. Wilkins protested that her statement of the case was not to be collected. She stated:

"The Train" of the night and morning, the night of the night, she continued that she signed the paper only to avoid further trouble. But that the detective had known when she signed a statement to be with the case of all this. Mrs. Johnson said that she had been a married woman since the woman's marriage and had the previous day been treated with almost fairness.

So the detective's story and the previous were returned in this case. "The Train" continued, then, continued, left headquarters.

When they returned the following morning they were looking-eyed from lack of sleep, but smiling as they went directly to Mrs. Wilkins' cell. She greeted them kindly.

"Hello, here's one you can try to make out of it you can," began Burroughs. "I supposed to recall that the engineer of the train that killed your husband mentioned that the train was late. That meant to me that the person or persons who committed the crime would have to wait around to see that the job was done properly. We waited all night to learn if anyone noticed you and your boy turned over the morning. A man named T. J. King, night watchman at the Universal Mills, West of night before the railroad, saw your husband's car parked north of the rails at midnight when he was to work.



"It's a new mystery."

"The night was burning then and he had into the car as he passed. You didn't see him, but he saw you. You were sitting in the back and Sumrall was in the driver's seat alongside your husband. You hadn't figured the train would be late, so you had to sit there and wait until you heard it whistle for a crossing. And do you know why it came to be late? Coming down the Passhandle, it ran into a dust-storm; the engineer had to stop up. Didn't you see the breath of God blowing dust in the path of this train to delay it long enough as you would be seen by the night watchman?"

The woman nodded in comprehension. With tears streaming from her eyes, she sobbed: "It's a real statement of crime. The confusion will stop!"

At the trial, like the officers, Prosecuting Attorney W. H. Parker was convinced that the crime was a premeditated, premeditated murder and asked the death penalty for the conspirators. After weighing the evidence and the confession—the jury brought in a verdict of guilty with a recommendation for mercy.

Both were sentenced forthwith to a term of twenty-five years in prison. Luther Sumrall received his sentence like a lion across his shoulders, in bowed resignation.

Elaine Wilkins, when she understood that a hearing would come to "The Train" and cried out: "Golly, golly—twenty-five years is not so long!"



"He said he didn't know the boy."

And if you think they don't get serious . . .
well, read on and find out.

Even Seals Make Love

IT IS a far hunt indeed from the farthest islands of the Bering Sea to the shops of Fifth Avenue and 35th Street—in the shopping sections of Canadian cities.

And just the distance of those remote Arctic Isles ultimately find their nearest appreciation thousands of miles from their northern breeding grounds. The endless voyaging so characteristic of Alaska seals throughout their life-span is in a sense, kept up by their pelts . . . finally transported to the stores and from fashionable fur garments, worn in every fashionable quarter of the globe. For every woman who loves luxury knows Alaska sealskin.

Alaska sealskin is a fashion far of fashion, and was esteemed by our grandmothers with the same gusto of possession with which smart women regard it today. Yet the Alaska sealskin of today is far superior in beauty, lightness and suppleness to the stiff, heavy article of grandmother's time.

Sealskin history goes back only to the time of Catherine the Great of Russia. It was during her reign that an adventurous Russian navigator named Pribilof, bearing stories of strange water animals, determined to solve the mystery.

After arduous and diligent search, he found that a herd of such animals made an annual pilgrimage from the Pacific Ocean to the cold waters of the Bering Sea. The northward trip started late in May, and the return trip took place in October.

Pribilof found that these animals visited a group of islands about 200 miles west of Alaska, and about 250 miles north of the Aleutian Archipelago. There are four islands, three of them quite small, the seals visit only two of them, St. Paul and St. George.

An explorer discovered these islands they were given his name as a group and these mysterious animals—of which there were millions at that time—were claimed as the property of Russia.

Zoologists believe that the Alaska fur seals at one time lived on land. Perhaps ages ago, because of scarcity of food or for some other unknown reason, they were forced to take to the sea for their preservation, and so adapted themselves to water life. Their scientific name is *Callorhinus Alascensis*, but in everyday language we know this mysterious and interesting animal as the Alaska fur seal.

The Alaska fur seal should not be confused with the sea lion which we frequently see in the circus. The sea lion has only very coarse hair, no under-fur, and is of little or no commercial value.

The Alaska fur seal, on the other hand, has a dense undercoat of very fine silky fur, tightly curled at the tips, which is protected by a longer, outer hair. Each hair is shaped like a tiny fishbone—round, flat and pointed.

These guard hairs are most important to the fur seal. They act as insulators and give buoyancy and smoothness in swimming. The guard hairs also protect the underfur of the seal. This underfur is very dense and although the seal lives in the water, its underfur does not get wet. On the contrary, upon landing, shortly after the seal shakes itself, its underfur is found to be quite dry.

When the females are mated to the guard hairs, which are plucked out by hand without damage to the pelt—afterwards they sloughed along the skins to further protect the animals. Then the fur comes into great favor at the courts of the emperors for garments for royalty and important courtiers.

The United States bought the entire territory of Alaska, which is nearly as large as the United States of America, in 1867, paying \$7,200,000, one of the world's greatest territorial purchases. As part of the purchase the country received the Pribilof Islands and the great Alaska Seal herd.

Since then the value of the fur taken from these islands plus

shipment to more than the purchase price of the entire territory of Alaska.

At the time Alaska was bought, the herd was estimated at three to four million seals. But by 1901, because of over-hunting and genetic slaughter of the seals at sea by pelagic sealers, this number had shrunk to 125,000. It seemed that seals, like the buffalo, were fast on the way to complete extinction. Finally representatives of the U.S. government, England, Japan and Russia met in Washington, D.C., in 1911, and signed the Pelagic Treaty, an agreement which protected the seals at sea and placed the control of the herd in the hands of the U.S. government.

The U.S. government then took over the complete management of the islands and of the herd, and placed them under the jurisdiction of the department of commerce. Through a wise and judicious plan of conservation, the herd now numbers over two million seals. Yet during those years since the signing of the Pelagic Treaty over eight hundred and fifty thousand seals have been taken for market, bringing millions of dollars to the U.S. Treasury.

The seal is managed by authorities on the basis of the general laws of natural conservation in the history of the world, and was created for the conservation and scientific and efficient management of this valuable national asset is the duty of the department of commerce through its Bureau of Fisheries, now in the department of interior.

The immutability and mysterious life and propagation of the Alaska fur seal is one of the many wonders of nature. The seals mated once a year to these islands to bear the young and to breed, and the date of their arrival each year is within a very few days of that of the previous year.

They select a particular spot on all the globe because during spring on through fall these islands are covered with floating

ing. As a whole, which exactly suits the weather, is covered and enjoyed almost equally.

Known to the natives as the "Mud Islands," the beaches are most of the time fairly dry, but from the sea during the high tides, at the ebb-tide, and during a part of lower low tide, the water might appear to be so shallow that the identifying high tide can be heard miles away at sea.

The birds are one of volcanic formation, probably pushed up one of the sea ranges by the mud grey and brown. Still, they can be found or grown on the islands, but for a brief time, a person would not believe what is in production.

There are also a number of varieties of these birds, of some birds and insects.

As the birds are the largest, but the birds are also the most there.

Great birds of the sea, which are birds of the sea, and birds of the sea.

Each island is full of water, so the birds are the most of all the birds of the sea.

The birds are the most of all the birds of the sea, and the birds are the most of all the birds of the sea.

The birds are the most of all the birds of the sea, and the birds are the most of all the birds of the sea.

And what is the most of all the birds of the sea, and the birds are the most of all the birds of the sea.

From the time of the arrival of the birds, up to the point of the birds, the birds are the most of all the birds of the sea.

After a bird has been in the sea, the birds are the most of all the birds of the sea.



any regarding "bachelors" or young males up to the age of five or six who attempt to steal away any of his wives. The breeding herd is very jealous at breeding time and of course is never disturbed by man.

The bull seal is a very dangerous animal and will attack any man or boat that comes near him or his herd. Every bull is determined to keep to defend his herd. He is challenged many times by fresh, strong young bulls and he is likely to lose his whole family all at once if he is not strong enough to hold it.

He must "moat" all women," as the law of the herd is the primal one of "the survival of the fittest."

The defeated bulls are pushed back and form a sort of fringe around the outside edge of the breeding rookery, and become known as "idle bulls." These poor

beasts who have been "pushed" wait around the edge, fondly hoping to steal a wife here and there to build up another herd.

Some talk of the arrival of the "bachelors." That term is used to identify the two-year-old females when first they come to join a herd. It is at that age that they breed for the first time. The male cannot breed until he is five years old.

Consequently the young comes up to five and six years of age and together away from the breeding herd and are called the "bachelors."

They never go near the breeding rookery until they are six or eight years old, as the big old breeding bulls would fear them to do so.

The bachelors usually arrive later than the regular breeding cows, who come early to "drop" their pups. And here the bulls appear



"We can't ask him to take it down. It's his mother."

are you insane?

Continued from page 25

many fine legitimate frat houses, private hospitals and sanatoriums with the highest standing, and ethical standards. Perhaps they fear that an exposure of the racket-run sanatoriums would give the public the impression that no real home is to be trusted.

I argued with a doctor friend of mine who knows as much as I do about the inside of this racket. Why didn't he get the Medical Association to do something?

"The last thing the medical profession wants is a scandal," he replied sadly.

"The difficulty with an exposure of this racket is that the human brain is very peculiar, even specialists can't do more than give opinions. The entire study is mixed up with a bewilderment of words that the ordinary person doesn't understand. The trouble is, too, that there are thousands of deranged cases, people who are slightly abnormal, yet actually sane."

"Then it can be argued that almost anyone is a bit off."

"Yes, with correct technical language."

And there it is. An alienist can know the ordinary citizen ever with such terms as psychomotor, symptoms, maladaptation, mental deficiency, phobias, obsessions, neurosis, hysterical amnesia, schizophrenia of personality, schizophrenia. If the physician is crooked, the sanatorium head venal, and the client glibly, what matter if the patient is sane!

Three years ago at a meeting of the New York legislature, three separate bills were introduced to reform the lunary commission.

Senator Thruway (D) Deceased of Newburgh, said:

"I have the names of a number of New York judges and politicians who have made a 'racket' of lunary commissions. The public will be given protection."

He introduced a bill providing for examinations by the psychiatric division of New York City hospitals.

Senator Philip M. Klumback, of Brooklyn, introducing a similar bill, declared:

"Since New York judges make a 'racket' of the appointment of lunary commissions, and it would drag some of these judges from

the bench and hold them up in public shame."

Neither Mr. Deamond or Mr. Klumback could arouse sufficient support for their bills. The legislature all admitted that the present laws weren't satisfactory, permitting patronage in a dangerous field, but nothing as yet has been done. This is the New York claim, where some of the worst of old abuses, particularly that which allowed where a male and a doctor could collude a patient have been done away with.

I first became interested in this subject through a friend of mine who acquainted me with the details of his cousin's case history. On visiting the cousin, a mine of history, my friend was informed that the man had had a nervous breakdown and was now in a sanatorium sanatorium.

"Why so far away?" he asked.

"Er—he didn't want to go, and there is too much insanity in New York state."

Just across the state border it doesn't matter whether he wants to enter a san or not.

"Oh, we decided a long time would do him good."

He said no more at the time, though he knew his cousin had a large income, left him for life, which might interest other relatives. It took this man two years to obtain his release.

My second case history is quite a well known song writer, whose hit sold hundreds of thousands of copies. He had married in haste, a young girl from the middle west. After meeting a pretty millionaire she began to regret.

The song writer was withdrawn, and wouldn't agree to a divorce. A heavy drinker, he was in the habit of spending a week every now and then at a New York san for alcoholic treatment.

One night before he was ready to leave, he was given a sleeping medicine, and when he awoke in the morning, an ambulance had taken him to a mental sanatorium being kept behind closed doors.

At the time he had just been offered a big contract, as yet unsigned to go to Hollywood and connect a musical or two. Now he was offered his release, and the chance to fill the contract. If he signed certain papers which would give his wife grounds for divorce. One of the papers was the register of an obscure New York hotel, on which he was in sign for himself and wife. At the date his wife was in New Jersey attending a house party. The clerk at the hotel could be depended on to identify a woman of very different description. My friend accepted the deal and was free.

Recently, Howard Stevens, a man identified with child psychiatry to street, who has worked in state and private asylums for fifteen years said:

"There is still little activity in getting a victim railroaded in an insane house." Mr. Stevens explained. "All that is needed is a witness, a doctor and a witness. There is something about the very mention of insanity that shocks people and stops them from interfering."

Twelve cars, some this last statement with a significant little story. A bill was introduced in 1921 in the United States New York assembly by the United States. It provided that, although the police would be having jurisdiction. Although one of the grounds required for removal and removal.

Following this pattern as one designed of interesting





"... and just think! After we return to civilization you could write your memoirs."



"You'll just have to help yourself to anything you want, Major."



EDWIN.

"This is one of my husband's deeds. I'd like to get it recorded."

don't go to hollywood

Continued From Page 37

extras merely as a type.

The Casting Bureau doesn't give out definite figures, but Betty earned about \$2,500 in 1937. Her substitute is charged for \$3,000. She makes a good living, it's pleasant work, better than being a show girl, but there's no fame. She has never had a job better. This is the first time her name has been in print since her work in Hollywood.

When she comes on apartment, the main thing she has to be careful about is what she's to be wearing. Betty has a long fur coat, a fur cape, a white fur evening coat, and two silver necklaces.

She probably has more friends than any other extra, as nothing any period in the last few years. There are formal and informal afternoon parties, supper almost every day, parties given, sports events from asking in taking cocktail guests, beggars, dancing, robbing, jumping pyramids. Talking about 40 hats, and 20 pairs of shoes.

She has been gathering this wardrobe ever since she became an extra. She follows the fashion magazines closely, dresses pretty and accessories with care. Her clothes make and remain by good but moderate-priced dressmakers, she seems sewing herself. She's a modest, quiet, intelligent girl who seriously attends to her business, which is mostly lending out clothes with herself lends them.

The No. 1 male extra is thirty-four-year-old, middle-aged, French Canadian, who went to Los Angeles twelve years ago after being a very good basketball player at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College. He went almost immediately into extra work, earned \$1,700 the first year and about \$5,000 in 1937. He is tall, wears clothes like a man of fashion, and has plenty of them. He goes blind a day when he is talking the calls. Extra who are used to wear full dress, dinner coat, or riding habit, in other clothes the rate is \$100. He believes a man dress extra has more expense than a girl—first cost of a costume is highest, a man can't do his own dressing and cleaning. But

girls prefer that. That man don't have to spend about \$3.00 a week in beauty shops. The director will send a girl home if she comes on the set with her hair messed. And with a man has to do to get out his brush and comb.

Here are the events leading up to a \$15.00 call for Herchel Graham. At 4 p.m., say, an assistant director decides what he will need for the next day. On a typewriter the extra is sent from the studio to Central. It gives the name of the studio, the director, the type of set, and the production number. (The name of the picture will probably be changed before it's finished, so pictures are designated by number.)

On the order are listed the type and number of extras wanted, their clothes, the hour and place they are to report, and the rate of pay. If the extras are to appear in a film scene they are instructed "to be prepared to get on." They will be in a few minutes' waiting. If the scene is on whether the call is "Weather permitting" and if the weather best, nothing causes cancellation, the extra gets a fourth of a day's pay.

Now let's suppose that the Casting Bureau has come in an order which says the scene is at a church wedding, requiring, among others, "Twelve young men in full dress."

The casting call is to be over the board and shows 20 or 25 who are not working. It is then that called Grahams will be better than almost anybody else. He will ask a call girl in telephone Graham and give him all the details. Probably, however, the matter waits.

On the matter right and left are headquarters out of which come continuously the names of men and women extras who are calling in work. To a new from somewhere in an adjoining room where the telephone girls are

and wanted are 100 to "call later."

Now Herchel Graham is in probably his fifth call of the day. The call girl hears the name, takes the call, gives the extra a telephone number, and the name of his flat, and waits for him. Other extras called to see the director or back to work.

In a few minutes the extra who had been called will call. The director, or extra who has been called, begins ringing his friends who are waiting for a telephone call, but something to put up with it is that there is a big crowd of extras. He had a chance that had been helpful in being a man to get his name over the board, but before all the jobs are gone.

The Casting Bureau now and then has a large number of children of various types. He does they work on the movie house about 10 minutes a year. The average rate paid for a child is only 25, but 1500 are applied for the jobs.

There are a number of Central office men, all under twenty years of age, with their mothers. It is known that have been arranged by their mothers. They are called in to work, and that doesn't mean they are men to get on. What are needed to get on boys and girls about six years old to go in the "up" and "down" directions. Pretty large children are a drag on the market.

Now let's see a call for the Casting Bureau. It is called to fill the job. No day has been 20 days in a week in pictures. There are 10 to 20 days in a get \$750 a day with \$1500 for the extra who is called in. The price for transportation, food, and a place. There is a lot to be expected from the extra who is in time in light. The extra who is called in at least 20 minutes and the baby must not be in the extra more than two hours. Rates between 10 and 15 days of a get \$500 a day. Employment of children must be approved by the Los Angeles Board of Education.

When an extra speaks he pay goes instantly to him at \$25.00 a day. Except for the extra who speaks lines. That's when they all go together with things as "Hooray for Marvyn" or "Hooray for Marvyn." There's no minimum pay for extra who that





"Well, Major, cold hands warm heart, eh?"



"Whoops, Gentam! The champagne is all gone!"

Review and Comment

Quebec Begins: An American Reminiscence of War, edited by John W. Ireland, Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.

THE book is the collective product of fifteen American consultants, who, in 1942, were brought to the West by the U. S. Government to study the problems of the province of Quebec. The book is a collection of American views on the importance of Canada to the United States in Europe and the defense of North America.

The book is not a primer for the general reader of Canada but a collection of studies of the various aspects of the province and the war effort. The book is a collection of studies of the various aspects of the province and the war effort. The book is a collection of studies of the various aspects of the province and the war effort.

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Many readers will agree this thought is the part of the authors

Stacy's reviews are necessarily limited by lack of space. Therefore, it will attempt each month to make up in the quality of its reviews what they lack in quantity.

inasmuch as many of our first impressions are based upon the impressions of the people of Quebec. The book is a collection of studies of the various aspects of the province and the war effort. The book is a collection of studies of the various aspects of the province and the war effort.

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Germany as "a new imperialist system."

Vaguely and anxiously the authors, who are by no means their best, in the general idea of a universal movement of national unity, and in the idea of a world will have to leave the liberation of the shape of things to come to the United States and Great Britain. H. M.

Selach's Program. By Joseph Selach. Edited by Charles McQuinn. \$2.50.

In the Dutch Colony, the fresh air that Miss Selach writes about, the authors have been shaped by the Dutch banks. Their supply of fresh air and land are some of the reasons for city folk, Hollywood and New York refugees seeking peace in a quiet spot to write that book they've always planned. But little writing results, and not much peace. The invaders are too busy playing plumper, jelling and whitening their rural hideouts. They put in long, hard days, each their own with preoccupations, and they antique doll houses from the native children to sell at 200 per cent profit. For the invaders, this activity is enough. The Dutch, on the other hand, are the major reason why the natives are so proud in general satisfaction, most important of which is



a feeling of inadequacy. Each has lost some part of himself, some confidence necessary to break through the loneliness and inertia of his comfortable life. Most of them have, at some previous crisis, surrendered to dependence on one other individual, thereby building for themselves a jail of isolation.

Among the villagers this pattern is partly repeated in the case of the Armstrong family. Will Armstrong's life is governed by the savage feud between himself and a tyrannical mother, and a brooding sense of inferiority occasioned many years ago by a mistake which results in another's death. It is for the sake of self-assertion that Will cuts off young Johnny Armstrong's education and sends him into the paper mill as one more sacrifice to an employer policy that fails to protect workers' lives with decent safeguards. They are others in the village besides Will Armstrong who have succumbed to personal failure—but, unlike the visiting residents, they are more the cumulative of economic battle than of the personal dilemmas arising from the superstructures of society.

When a day breaks out, threatening to set up farms and village, Miss Harriet's assorted characters come together and the collective experience releases a number of minds from conventional cramp. The result is to change some lives permanently. One person recognizes a real ability "to be with strangers, simply as one of them," another the both of "something true . . . hard and good, believing in a man himself." There is at once a deeper understanding of themselves and a breaking away from sterile preoccupations with self. But these changes take place mostly among some of the "outsiders." For the village people think the thing to be remembered about the fire is that Johnny Armstrong got his boots stolen and was shot and electrocuted the next day as he stood on a faulty rubber mat.

Miss Harriet, it seems to me, connects better with the villagers than with the city people. I should have guessed to know more about the Armstrongs, although they receive a much greater amount of space than is accorded other native families. The pictures we do get of the latter are rather tantalizing in the glimpses they afford of a hard existence tempered by

neighly interest and, in time of tragedy, by comradeship. Their problems are more absorbing than those of the New York, Hollywood dwellers to whom the larger part of the book is devoted. A.A.



Berlin Diary, by William L. Shirer; Alfred A. Knopf; \$3.

It is not hard to understand why Mr. Shirer should have kept a diary during his years in Berlin as representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He had no other means of expressing what he really felt about life under the Nazis. What funny! Here was a man whose job it was to inform Americans about the state of affairs in Germany. Night after night he broadcast "front-end" reports over short waves. And after each broadcast he would hurry home to get down in a secret journal all the things he could not say over the air. The fault, of course, was not Mr. Shirer's. Indeed, the keeping of a diary was in itself a courageous act, punishable at any moment by the sweeping Gestapo. In the end, Mr. Shirer could no longer stomach the Nazi karavans which he had to read over the air as "news," and he scrambled out of Berlin with understandable relief. His experience as a radio announcer underscored the fact that virtually everything we hear from German official sources is a lie. And that even the best-intentioned correspondent must keep a diary if he wants to tell the truth.

The German people themselves, as Mr. Shirer reports, are terribly cut off both from outside news and news of their own country. At one time, they starved the newspapers to buy the Danzig Nach-

richten, a Polish-German language paper which sold more copies in Germany than to international circulation of the paper was, of course, hampered as a result. There are other interesting stories. Dr. Hugo Eckener, for example, led a great deal of contempt for Goebbels. Asked once about bullying on the Hindenburg, Eckener fired back: "Goebbels hung up a record. There were forty persons on the Hindenburg. Forty-two 'Ja' votes were counted." One could not very well expect that over the air with a Gestapo man in the studio.

The diary was a consolation, and it is for Shirer's unshared impressions since 1937. Their impressions are not unified by any consistent analysis of the historic events which Mr. Shirer describes. To be sure, there is a deep tone of anti-fascist feeling in the book, and much of the substance contributes to the fight against Nazism which the whole civilized world must wage today.

Parts of the book are disappointing. Mr. Shirer, for instance, is inclined to adopt the same racial concepts which he despises. He attacks not only the German rulers but the Germans as a people. He notes their "strong racism and nationalism." He speaks of their "ingrained" militarism and their "strange soul." He rebukes a whole people. And yet here again the sweeping generalization does not square with the specific fact, deeply impressed on all minds: How then does he explain his mission of August 21, 1938: "Everybody against the war. People talking openly. How can a country get into a major war with a population so dead set against it?" Or of September 1, 1939: "They long for peace. And they wait to be before the water comes. And similar observations in other periods.

Pessimism, forsooth, hostility? Yes. But on the part of the Nazis, whose hostility hangs over the town of the people, as Shirer says, like a dark, brooding cloud. H.A.





Advance . . . and retreat . . .



TOP TO BOTTOM — THE LIONS — STANLEY PARK — LOST LAGOON — ENGLISH BAY

(PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF TRANS-CANADA AIRLINES)



DOROTHY LAMOUR, best known for her helping U.S. soldiers forget that even eighteen months in uniform is the same every minute doing her bit to cheer the boys up. She is currently appearing with Bob Hope in Paramount's laugh special *Cought in The Act*.

(TOP)

VERONICA LEE, lovely new Paramount star who made her film debut in the recently played *Winged Wings*. An overnight sensation, she will probably fill the spot left open by the death of Jean Harlow.

(MIDDLE)



LOVELY JOAN BENNET has for a long time been a favorite with movie goers. Her change from blonde beauty appears to have only enhanced her personality. Certainly a subversive nothing from her beauty. She has now hit with *Frankie and Johnnie*.

(BOTTOM)

